







# THE GRAPHIC



## CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OFFICE : 190, STRAND, LONDON. — PRICE ONE SHILLING

The Postage of this Number to any part of Great Britain, Europe, United States, and Canada, is 3d.; to China and India, 9d.; and Australia, 1s.



## COLOURED and BL

ET and TARLATAN Bosillonne Skirts  
worn with Jerseys, 21s. and 27s. 6d., in all C  
ILLUSTRATIONS and PATTERNS F  
ETER ROBINSON,  
103 to 108, OXFORD STREET, W.

unequalled for uniformly superior quality  
always gives satisfaction to their custom-

Tradesmen who supply and recom  
BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLO  
as nearly all do, do so, not because it y  
them a larger profit than others, but becau  
unequalled for uniformly superior quality  
always gives satisfaction to their custom





FROM A PAINTING BY YEEND KING  
"TOIL AND PLEASURE"



# The Indian Gold Mine:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY LIEUT.-COL. F. F. WEST, MADRAS STAFF CORPS.

I.

## THE PROPERTY

MAJOR JOHN WILLIAM JONES, a retired Indian officer and father of five interesting virgins, was anxiously expecting the post last Christmas Eve. It was not that he looked for any good news—such as a legacy left him by some old person he had assisted in or out of a railway carriage in days gone by—but rather the contrary. The poor Major knew what Christmas bills were—none better; and he was beginning to attribute the postman's delay to a heavy sackful addressed to himself, when his thoughts were diverted by the unwelcome and unexpected appearance of a telegraph man. "A telegram for me!" exclaimed the Major. "Never heard of such a thing since I left the service. Who on earth can it be from?" So saying he tore the cover open. But if he was astonished before, he was still more amazed at the telegram's contents. Three times he read the brief missive over, and each time the Major's mouth and eyes were wider open than the last. Yet the words were so plain and simple, though it must be admitted significant. They ran as follows: "A rich gold reef has been discovered on your property. Keep it secret for the present. No one knows anything of it besides myself. More when I see you, or write."

"Your property?" repeated the Major when he had read the telegram for the fourth time. "Why it must be a hoax. I never had any property, and it's my belief I never shall; and yet it seems correct enough, message and all. I remember G. R. Bage, Esq., Mineralogist to the Government of India, to Major J. W. Jones, Bowmgungur. Here, Arabella, Arabella! Come here, I say; I want you." In obedience to the Major's shouts there presently appeared in the verandah of his bungalow a lady very much in *dishabille*, with hair untidy, slippers down at heel, and hands caked with flour. She was a "faded" woman, who had been a beauty in her day; but Indian heat, passion, and trouble, and the care of a large family had told their usual tale on her looks; moreover there was a good deal of snappiness in her voice when she inquired what new misfortune had happened that she must be called from the Christmas pudding to be the shaker of it.

"Read that," answered her Major, authoritatively, "and finish the pudding then if you can." "Good gracious, William! whatever is the meaning of it?" Mrs. Jones exclaimed, turning the telegram over and over and over and upside down in great perplexity. "Is it possible you can have had property in the Wynnad all this time without my knowing it? The poor girls!" Here Mrs. Jones's thoughts immediately ran on a topic that was seldom out of them—namely, matrimony.

"Tush! I have no property there, never had; it is some mistake, I suppose."

"Stay, William, now I think of it, is there not another Major Jones in the service, or was there not? I think I remember your getting a letter once before, some years ago, for some one else of the same name."

"Very likely. The name is not an uncommon one. But hang it, Bella! isn't Tanjalis and all that be told of a rich gold reef on my property when the property is no more mine than—than yours?"

"Ah! And the Christmas bills coming in, and the poor dear girls without a dress to tie up, and the servants asking for their pay, oh dear! The coal, too, is so insolent that I have to make the pudding myself, and he says, the wretch, he won't do anything more in this house until he has part at least of his three months' wages now in arrears. Can nothing be done with this?" she asked despairingly of the golden telegram.

"Nothing. I suppose I must only send it back to the sender."

"I don't quite know that," observed Mrs. Jones, mustily. "What if we should let the news be known to the servants? That could do no harm." Poor Bella, who was accustomed to all kinds of expedients to stave off importunate creditors from her home.

"Couldn't be done," said the Major. "It would be impossible to say I had this property, and I should be in the telegraph sent back. I wish it had never come, curse it."

"Well, give it to me for the present, at any rate," replied his wife, with a sigh. "It can do no harm to let the girls see it, I suppose."

Her husband, grumbling over his ill-luck, made no opposition, for by this time the long-looked-for postman had at last arrived, and with bills in abundance, to judge by the bloated leather bag which he carried on his back.

"My dears!" said Mrs. Jones to several young ladies variously engaged in the bedroom, "here is such a piece of ill-fortune! A gold mine, given to us, and taken away again, so to say."

"A gold mine!"

"A gold mine!"

"A gold mine!"

"Read it out, Minnie," said Mamma, giving the telegram to the eldest daughter, a pretty clever-looking girl, who was busy brushing her bright golden hair—the same shade as her mother's before care had turned it grey—opposite the toilette glass. "Your Papa says we must send it back!" then she went on to describe what had passed in the verandah.

"Oh, what a shame!" cried Ada, the second girl; and—"Oh, how cruel!" pleaded Amy, the third.

"Let us see it," thought we could do better with it," mused the young lady with her brushes. "Suppose we were to drop it on the roads; there is no lack of inquisitive prying people in this station to pick it up, and may it do them good."

"That's more than it is ever likely to do us," retorted her Mamma. "We might just as well carry it out from our house to throw it away; only that nobody will see it peepers in. Every one is always out when we call; as if," added Mrs. Jones scornfully, "we wanted to see them."

"Don't be silly, Mamma. Don't you see that if this telegram is found—as it were by accident—on the road, everybody will believe in it. Of course no one would credit it if it told a story about it."

"My own bright Minnie!" exclaimed the proud and delighted mother. "Your cleverness shames us all; and we could easily drop the telegram in front of those horrid conceited Croziers, who turn up their noses at you girls; though they kept them low enough to any one there is anything to be proud of."

"Yes," assented Amy. "If Laura Crozier was to find the telegram, the whole place would know of it in an hour. How delicious!"

"No," said Minnie, who by right of her cleverness and good looks ruled the family, "that is not what I want. Of course it would be pleasant to make the tradesmen civil about their bills for some time, but that is not half what I expect to do. I want to have revenge on every one in this horrid station for the way in which they have snubbed us only because we are poor; and I think

to this gold mine, I think we shall have our revenge too before we are done with them."

"The young men never snubbed you, dear," said Mrs. Jones with natural pride and jealousy.

"Bah! Subalterns! What use are they except to make partners at lawn tennis?"

"Well, dear, I know you are ambitious, and I only hope it will all end well; but I wish you were married and settled, and Ada, and Amy," replied poor Mrs. Jones with tears in her pale blue saucer-like eyes, and a hushiness in her voice as of tears also. This "settling" of her daughters "in life" was the one aim and hope of a cheerless existence, and after effort after effort, scheme after scheme had turned out futile, the poor lady became more and more dejected, more dishevelled, and more, as the impatient subalterns called it, "washed out." The girls, with less of good-lieutenants called it, "washed out." The girls, with less of good-lieutenants called it, "washed out." The girls, with less of good-lieutenants called it, "washed out."

All this time, and while the mother was mauling on about the chances other girls had to her own girls' disadvantage, Miss Minnie was brushing the golden telegram, and surveying her figure in the face in the mirror with much gravity.

"No, no," she said at length; "we will have no awkwardness, which would spoil all, or no mistake made, which would be worse. Charlotte shall take the telegram to the hand-stand this evening. Some one is sure to pick it up, and there is always such a crowd doing nothing that the thing is sure to be talked of. Leave it to me! I will tell Charlotte everything, and she will be sure to do it. Men are stupid in these matters. Of course we won't go to the *gymbhannu*, indeed there is very seldom any pleasure to be had there for our despised people like us."

This was true, for the Jones family had endured many rebuffs at the *gymbhannu*, or place of public amusement, where lawn tennis and other games were played, also one of the lands in garrison. Good-natured people, comparatively new to the place, made room for one of them occasionally in a set; but there were other Anglo-Indian ladies who fixed the Misses Jones with a stony stare, which seemed to say, "What business have you to be in the *gymbhannu*, you who are the society in which we move?" And then these haughty ladies, who were wives or daughters of men of substance—men whose incomes were reckoned in four figures—would turn their backs upon the Misses Jones, and the same swains, captivated by the epigone of Miss Minnie, or of the dove-like upward glances of Miss Amy, should later for a moment by their chairs. The Chief Commissioner of Rajaputana, the great Sir Lionel Lyne, himself hardly ever vouchsafed them a look, and as Sir Lionel was a close man, and one who rarely admitted, for the reason that he preferred to lay by a big bag of rupees for himself, the Jones girls had not even the advantage of those public balls, the *samras*, which in India serve to bring the ends and ends of society into some kind of contact. So the Jones family, which was but little known, was despised and maligning. It was currently reported that the old Major and his wife got very drunk together every evening of their lives. That the girls were no understanding, not for convenience, but for necessity's sake. That the whole family lived on roots and berries; and that Mrs. Jones, the mother of this extraordinary lot, smoked a clay pipe and pigtail tobacco. Certainly Sir Lionel Lyne, the Governor, the Chief Commissioner, and Mr. Farrier, or the fashionable Croziers, or anybody else. And thus it was why Miss Minnie Jones, a proud and scornful young lady, longed to have her revenge on them all—upon all Bowmgungur.

## THE PLOT

HERE are many Bowmgungurs in our Indian Empire; the Bowmgungur of this tale is, however, the large military and civil station, the capital of the Province of Rajaputana. There are Horse, Foot, and Dragoon regiments, and some persons include in the category Horse Marines. There are civilians of all sorts and conditions of men, ranging from that ornament of Highbury College, the Chief Commissioner, Sir Lionel Lyne, C.B., down to the latest Competition-Wallah, "I caught wild on the Irish bog." The military are under the command of General Furrier, C.B., and the civilians under the authority of Sir Lionel Lyne, C.I.E. Needless to say that these two are the greater and the lesser lights which rule the Bowmgungur world, but there are countless stars, too, twinkling in its firmament, such as Staff Officers and unnumbered Chaplains, High Church and Low, and all the many fragments which go to make up that heterogeneous mass on which the foundations of the Indian social structure is reared.

On this particular afternoon, it being cold and cheery as became the season, all shades and degrees of society were well represented at the station *gymbhannu*. Upon an acre or two of grass-green sward there were to be seen a couple of lawn tennis matches in full swing, a badminton match, an archery tournament, and there was also a large circle of chairs, which sat those of the festive throng who were too lazy to play, or who preferred gossip to a little quiet scandal to more active exercise. There was a military band—that of the rooth Native Infantry—playing waltzes in the centre, and a refreshment table, where tea, coffee, and "jugs" of all kinds of spirituous liquors could be had for the asking. Round the outside circle were drawn up the carriages of the company, some occupied, some empty, and conspicuous among the vehicles was the handsome laqueon of the Chief Commissioner, his servants clothed in the Royal red, and he himself leaning against the luxurious cushions with the air of a weary statesman on whom the cares of a great Province sat not lightly. Mrs. Crozier, the lady of "light and leading" in Bowmgungur, was beside him, for Sir Lionel Lyne loved to drive the best-looking and the best-dressed of his family Court about the station, not without "talking," of course; but when was there ever an Indian station without "talking," and plenty of it, on every conceivable and inconceivable subject under the sun?

It was to this gay scene that Miss Charlotte Jones, dressed in the latest fashion, directed her steps in company with a playmate of her own age. There were numerous pale-faced Indian children there in charge of many *peons* and *quads*, and these, like many others, were dancing round and round the circle where the carriages were, keeping time with music. And it was while performing this sarad that the taller and more shabbily dressed of the two, whom the reader will please to recognize as Miss Charlotte Jones, snatched the opportunity, unnoticed, to drop a crumpled piece of yellow paper right opposite the Commissioner's carriage. She had been taught by her mother, and she had seen it where it would be sure to fall, and with an acuteness beyond her years she had let it fall

where of all places it would be certain to be soonest detected. For Sir Lionel's scarlet-coated native footmen were lounging near, and, in fact, the two girls had not long danced away, when one of these gorgeous lackeys noted and laid hold of the paper, which his official capacities enabled him to judge at once to be a telegram. Glad to present himself to his masters' notice, he presented the paper to Sir Lionel with a profound salaam, and the inquiry if his lordship had lost it. The Chief Commissioner, who was in the middle of a deeply interesting conversation with Mrs. Crozier about what was a congenial subject to both of them—rupees, took the telegram carelessly, but had only glanced at it when his face became clouded and his brows knit, as in some perplexity. "Can this be yours?" he asked of his fair companion. The address is torn off. In effect Miss Minnie had taken this recreation for her own purpose, being cautious, however, to retain the upper fragment for her sister's own possession.

"Gold mine, on your property?" Who can it be?" read Mrs. Crozier. "What luck for some one! And only think, Sir Lionel, it is not venustous that we do not even know who it is?"

"I have heard a good deal of these gold discoveries of late," returned he; "and doubtless there is a great fortune to be realised there. But who in Bowmgungur has property in the Wynnad? I never heard of any one who had any."

"Oh! do go, like a dear man, and find out. I am in a fever of curiosity," cried Mrs. Crozier, tapping him playfully on the arm with a pretty-gloved hand. "Do go quick, or I shall die!" The spectacle of the Chief Commissioner of Bowmgungur—a functionary who seldom descended to leave his carriage for the vulgar earth on which lesser mortals disported themselves—advancing excitedly, and with an open telegram of yellow paper in his life, *bowmgungur*, he had taken to his heels, and it was not until it was war with the Chinese, or was the Ministry out, or was the Devil dead, as one wickel young officer inquired of his partner? Every one crowded breathlessly round while the Chief Commissioner looked as if he asked if any lady or gentleman had lost an important telegram. "I'm done for—found out," thought Captain Rafferty, who had invested largely in the Agra Derby Sweep, in defiance of its suppression, under pains and penalties, by the Government. Having lost it, "muttering" the name of Miss Charlotte, who had been proposed by telegram to a young lady on the Hills; "what a mess she must have made of it!"

Several others who had reasons of their own for alarm were relieved and astonished when the Chief Commissioner added, "It is a gold mine, in the Wynnad." But not one of those present was able to say that the telegram in question was his or hers. A few, indeed, affected a certain consciousness as if they could tell, if they liked, secrets in that quarter; but the consciousness was directed at the mysterious Miss Charlotte, who, watching what was passing at a safe distance, now came boldly up and chained the telegram as her own, or, at least, as her Papa's.

"Yours!" said Sir Lionel, with some astonishment not unmixed with contempt; "you are sure, young lady?"

"Yes, sir. Here, please, is the address, which I tore off by mistake." So saying, the child presented the missing address on the missing piece of yellow paper, *From C. Bates to Major J. W. Jones, Bowmgungur*.

"Well, then; here is your property, my dear. Tell your Papa I congratulate him—I congratulate him very much," said the Chief Commissioner, walking away grandly.

Society was dissipated, and old Major Jones should have become suddenly possessed of a gold mine was found, indeed, for reflection. Good gracious! who could say that a Crocus this old half-pap Major might turn out! Wonders would never cease. The impetuous minor members of the company twisted up the thought of the mysterious Miss Charlotte, who, watching what was passing at a safe distance, now came boldly up and chained the telegram as her own, or, at least, as her Papa's.

Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people." Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people."

Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people." Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people."

Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people." Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people."

Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people."

Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people."

Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people."

Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people."

Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people."

Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people."

Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people."

Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people."

Was there not a baronet in the family? To be sure there was, in the person of the very earliest opportunity. Conversation ran solely on the old Major and his belongings. It was remembered that old Jones, like St. Patrick, "came of decent people."









FROM A PAINTING BY J. CHARLTON

"ON AN ERRAND OF CHARITY—CHRISTMAS MORNING"





FROM A PICTURE BY S. E. WALLER

"OUR FROZEN-OUT PETS"



And sly Amy had been the only girl in the place who had told him his personal appearance had been improved by the tansure above mentioned—something in her favor he never forgot. He might never have married, indeed, but for the gold mine. The wealthy metal turned the scale for the chaplain, but if he flattered himself that with a pretty and highly religious girl he would get a matter of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, all we can say is, that he was disappointed.

It was while Bowngug society was agitated by these remarkable circumstances, and that two more proposals in form for Miss Minnie had been made to her parents, that the Chief Commissioner received a very remarkable communication from the mineralogist of the Wynaad. After referring to other matters, Mr. Bates wrote:—"By the bye, I made a mistake about the Dumlundgund property on which the great gold reef was discovered, and I even telegraphed to that gentleman to congratulate him on his good fortune; but I have since found that the Dumlundgund property, so far as it can be defined as belonging to any one, belongs to a Major Jones of Bowngug, and I belong to a Major Jones, or his heirs, for the Assistant Colonel informs me that Major Jones was drowned in the steamer *Cyclops*, between Calcutta and Barnab, some years ago, when she went down in a cyclone. A claim has been entered to his estate, oddly enough, by a young nobleman, who tells me he has been staying with you at Lyle. He is called Lord Goblin, and as his mother's family name was Jones, or O'Jones, there may be something in it. All we can do is to let him camp here, and all his gains, and he has gone off to Madras to bring surveys and lawyers down upon us. If he can establish his claim he will be a very rich man, or I am much mistaken."

"Egad!" sighed the Chief Commissioner, "what escape I have had! See how well it is to be prudent! I was very near marrying that girl, and I should have got nothing by her but her father and all her cousins and her aunts. A very narrow escape, indeed," muttered Sir Lionel, as he wiped the beads of heat and fearfulness from his brow. At first he was disposed to avenge himself on Minnie by making the news public, and by declaring that the Jones bungalow was a nest of impostors; but prudence prevailed. Miss Minnie could retaliate by publishing the offer, and every one would believe the one story as readily as the other. Besides, Mr. Spry, M.P., and Lord Goblin had taken these people, these Joneses, up!

Mr. Spry had been almost daily at the Joneses' collecting stories of *mines* from the old Major, and of human sacrifices, said to occur among the coffee planters, from Miss Minnie. It was well that Mrs. Spry was not with that Member of the Legislature, or Mr. Spry might have found Bowngug almost this time more than usually warm.

Lord Goblin, indeed, had gone away to his shooting camp in Wynaad, but he had not gone without saying farewell to Minnie. He had held her hand for quite an absurdly long time in his own, looking, as the girl thought, disdainfully into her eyes; and she said, "I know your secret," and that was all. What secret? Minnie, lying awake of nights, tortured herself to determine whether the secret was the Gold Mine or the Proprietary.

Sir Lionel Lynx, then, believing it better for him to walk warily as one not yet quite out of the wood, said naught of this news, but a quiet visit went out into the District the next day, on business of importance. However, in the course of the week, rumours began to spread about that the Joneses' title to the gold reef was disputed by another Jones, and all Bowngug was on pins and needles directly to find out the address of that other Jones, the Captain and the Cleric especially. They had returned to Bowngug, the carrier of all, with their golden headdresses, and now it would seem that the brides were, indeed, "all there," but the gold nowhere. However, Major Jones took it all very coolly, considering the heat of the weather. They are married and settled, at all events," said he, "and care killed the cat." Nevertheless, the Chief Commissioner, so to speak, behind Captain O'Rafferty's ranches. He had, plunged, as he thought, into a gold mine, but there were fears, "twas in fact into a bottomless pit. Poor Amy had rather a rough time at this period, and it was noticed that her father, in the perturbation of his mind, permitted the hair on his crown to grow up unquestioned, where it stood erect, like a blacking-brush. Minnie, too, was sad and disquieted. She truly repented of the unkindly jest she had played on Bowngug, and when she was at the end of one of her sisters being something worse off than nothing with a broken-down jockey, and the other possibly deserted by an ecclesiastic who could and would, at an emergency, retreat to a monastery—or, at least, to a convent. She was, however, as she said, "it had lost her heart. It had gone away to the Wynaad with the Irishman, and, heigho O! She would never, never see him again. Then her mother was querulous, her father petulant, and the Captain and the Padre, never out of her father's head, were building they caused to resound with their cries of "Sold!" "Done brown!" "Deceivell!" "Cozened!" and "Betrayed!" Minnie would have certainly been run away (single) at this time only for a certain letter she had received from her father, which encouraged her to hope for brighter days, and, perhaps, from an extraction from all these difficulties. Indeed, to one in Minnie's difficulties, it was a letter which seemed as the blessed showers of heaven to a brick-burnt and thirsty soil, although there was not much in it. The letter, or rather note, only said that the writer, having settled his affairs in the Wynaad, was returning to Bowngug, when he would have something of importance to tell Miss Jones.

"Surely it cannot be anything more about that wretched gold mine!" thought Minnie. "I wish it was at the bottom of the sea."

A few days after this Minnie had occasion to walk to the station Post Office to post a letter. Now the Post Office, as every one who has lived in Bowngug must know, is situated in front of the Prince of Wales's Hotel of that ilk, and just as Minnie was slipping her letter into the box there drove up to the door the well-known station black carriage from the railway station. It was a carriage was a traveller, who hailed to the driver to stop on seeing Miss Jones's well-remembered slim figure, and in another moment Minnie, blushing and confused, found herself accepting the greetings of Lord Goblin, and walking alongside him towards her home.

"Well, Miss Jones—Minnie—you have not forgotten me, I see?" said his lordship.

"How should I?" answered Minnie, demurely. He took her hand in his, and they stopped under an umbrageous tree. "Strange things have happened," he said, "since we last met. Your gold mine that was my gold mine now. It turns out to be the property of my uncle, who is dead, and the lawyers have had an offer of one hundred thousand pounds for it from some company which proposes to work the reef. What do you say, Minnie, shall I take the offer?"

"What can it signify to me, my lord?" said Minnie, loosening her hand, and walking on with her eyes on the ground.

"Everything," said he. "Don't you remember that night you refused old Sir Lionel? Ha! ha! How you told me that you would like to travel round the world, and to see Japan, China, the Pacific Railway, Niagara, and all the rest of it. Well, now I don't interrupt; Montague Williams, who came out shooting with me, has jangle fever, and must go home directly. The yacht we came out in, his, a beautiful screw steamer of 400 tons, is for sale, and it is only for you to say if I shall have it. Come, you have some tastes as mine, and do you know, I have loved you ever since that night as the most straightforward girl I have seen."

"What can I say," said Minnie, with tears in her eyes, "but that you are too good to me—that I don't deserve your commendation?"

"Not a bit of it!" The road was lonely, and he kissed the tears away. "Only we must get married right away, if only to save the yacht's expenses in harbour."

And in point of fact they were married that very week, to the amazement of Bowngug. They were married by Minnie's brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Winterbotham, as quietly as needs be; and the Captain O'Rafferty, and his troubled brows in view of this brilliant addition to the family.

Lord Goblin, to whom Miss Minnie frankly confessed the whole history of the gold mine—at which he laughed heartily—settled 5,000 each on Minnie's sisters, and another 5,000 on the said Major, and his wife, and gave a year of my own," he said, "and can afford to give something out of this unexpected windfall."

The gifts were accepted characteristically. The Captain said, "It was not enough;" the Padre, that "It was better than nothing;" we suppose, to these transactions in gold.

So Minnie Jones changed her name for Viscountess Goblin, and sailed away from Bowngug and from India for ever. She was written from Gesta Comiti, her husband's beautiful place in Ireland, to Mrs. Jones and the Major, still in Bowngug, that she has only one bitter drop in the cup of her happiness, which is her husband's ugly title. "Fancy! dear Mamma, a little Goblin! and, heaven bless you, there is one on the road with curls, and As for the gold mine, which has brought so many strange events to pass, is not its subsequent history chronicled 'On Change' and in the coffee-house where speculators love to congregate?"

## The Babes in the Wood:

BEING REMINISCENCES OF A BREAKING-UP PARTY AT HOLLYHOCK HOUSE

By ARTHUR LOCKER.

### I.

#### THE FIELD-MARSHAL AND HER STAFF

AM one of the old girls. Please do not misunderstand me. In point of age I am a very ancient. I used to be called "the old girl" of Hollyhock House. I am now Mrs. Sidcup Bottomley, and I have a little boy and a little girl of my own. I don't think so simple as I once was, and I have had to sacrifice a good deal when she gets married.

When I was a girl in my teens (oh! those teens, how delightful they seem when one is a staid old matron of four-and-twenty!) I was located at Hollyhock House, that Hollyhock House Academy, or Seminary, or College, or even Establishment, he observed. Miss Flinders hated pretension, and everything of that sort. "She went in," for simplicity. We were not her "young toads, or mice, or even blacksheep." She did not call herself a Lady Principal; she said, "I am a schoolmistress." The fact was she had an almost morbid dread of anything like pseudo-refinement. I have heard, that before her time the school was called "The Frogs," and that she changed the name for the purpose of instilling a wholesome practical lesson to girls who were shaky over their h's, just as the late Lady Dufferin inserted that line in "Kathleen Mavourneen." The tone of the hunter is heard or the hill, with the mischievous intent of making the girls shiver. There were plenty of hollyhocks in the garden while I was there. What great nodding giants they seemed when I first came! Afterwards they grew shorter, or else I grew taller. I don't think hollyhocks are nice flowers for a child's garden. They are, in fact, the worst of these carvings—used to come into our bedrooms, and lie hidden in our clothes. Pshaw, Miss Flinders thought that this was a piece of wholesome discipline, for she had no patience with girls who screamed at the thought of the hollyhock, or even blacksheep. "They are the Almighty's creatures," she would say, "if they have mass right here as you or I!" The worthy lady, however, was not strictly logical, for she kept two vigilant cats, several mouse-traps, and a dog, and was very fond of the hollyhock.

Where was Hollyhock House? That you shall be told in a moment. Of course you know Westbourne Grove? And perhaps equally of course you know the High Street of Clapham? And, perhaps, of the worst of the hollyhock, which is the Hollyhock Crescent? Well, Hollyhock House was situated within a hundred miles of each of these three places. Now you are as wise as I wish you to be.

Miss Flinders was small and spare, with a profile like that of the late Duke of Wellington. Altogether, there was a good deal of the military martinet about her, and so the girls nicknamed her the Field-Marshal, or, for short, F.M. Our Chief had of course her subordinate officers. First, her two sisters, who were wonderfully unlike both herself and each other. Miss Isabella was much taller and younger and softer and more sentimental than the Field-Marshal. She had been a beauty in her youth, and she was still on the right side of forty, but of course we insolent school-girls regarded her as thoroughly autumnal. She was still decidedly good-looking, but she wore her rather scanty straw-tinted hair in long corkscrew ringlets which, in our opinion, did not improve her personal appearance. She was known amongst us as Narcissus. Miss Martha, the third sister, was a little younger than Isabella, though she looked older. She was short and dumpy, she had broad, good-humoured, weather-beaten face, and, as she was in the habit of going about in a sort of yachting hat, and had altogether a semi-naughty aspect, she was nicknamed the Boatwain. Miss Boatwain did not teach. There was an impression amongst us that she was extremely illiterate, and that she had only learnt to read and write late in life. But she was an admirable woman of business. She engaged and dismissed her servants, she ordered and helped to cook the dinners, she chattered with and paid the tradespeople, and wrote out the washing bills. Her spelling, like herself, was eccentric, and I remember she used to spell "pocket-handkerchiefs" in about six different ways, all equally erroneous. We made fun of her, but we liked her, and the little ones, who were indebted to her for many small kindnesses, really adored her.

Miss Flinders was feared and respected, but not immensely beloved, while Miss Isabella, as is the way with beauties, had rather an uncertain temper—was as sunny one day, and as stormy the next. Besides, she had her favourites, and that is always an offence with those who are not the favourites. The Field-Marshal, I must admit, was sternly impartial. I need not describe the other assistant teachers, except to observe that Mrs. Celestine, the "native of Paris" (with a strong Provencal accent), was rather yellow, rather bony, rather mustachy, and very volatile in her complaints of the vicissitudes of English climate.

But I must mention one other person, the only male human creature on the premises except old Bradford who tended the garden, cleaned the knives and boots, and carried our boxes up and down stairs. This was a very old man, and he was the father of the Misses Flinders. He had been in the East India Company's

service, had sold out, had attempted to make his fortune by speculating in Mining Lane, and was now, in his old age (Mrs. Flinders had died years before) glad to seek an asylum in his daughters' house. He was a most unobtrusive old gentleman, his apartment was in a remote corner of the establishment, and, except on breaking-up day, we saw scarcely anything of him. If on going up or downstairs we sometimes chanced to meet a tall silvery-haired old man of military aspect, he drew aside to let us pass, and saluted us punctiliously, but without speaking. There was an idea that he was bullied by the Field-Marshal but patted by the Boatwain. Once, when Miss Flinders and Miss Isabella went away on important scholastic business, and Miss Martha was left in sole charge, a delicious dose of tobacco was perceptible on the third floor landing, and it was reported, by an inquisitive girl who applied her eye to a certain keyhole, that the captain was seen smoking a cigar, and Miss Martha missing something hot in a tumbler which looked like negus.

With the observation that Hollyhock House contained in my time thirty boarders and about twelve day scholars, I shall conclude my introductory chapter.

### II.

#### THE PROCESSION INTERRUPTED

WHEN the first week of December draws to a close, the schoolgirls begin anxiously to count the days. Even at this women's rights period—and we have gradually established our right to several nice things which were formerly monopolised by men—girls are not much more than boys in regard to cold weather. Miss Flinders used to encourage out-of-door games, but somehow girls either can't or won't run about and keep themselves warm as boys can. Then in December, when the weather is almost sure to be frosty or frosty or sloppy, and when fingers and toes are apt to be chilblained, the solemn two-and-two constitutional promenade is an especial discipline.

Yet it was during one of these disciplinary walks that the incident occurred which I may use the expression, the well-spring from which this narrative flows.

It was a particularly raw morning, half freezing and half thawing, and, though dreadfully afraid of being pelted, we were envying the schoolgirls their future snow-balling (as soon as the policeman's stick was turned), when suddenly our procession came to a standstill. A being in the garb of a gentleman had accosted Miss Isabella, who, with the Parisian nature, was marching at our head. Instead of indignantly rebuking the monster, Narcissus blushed almost as prettily as if she had been sweet-seventeen, her lips parted into a smile, her eyes sparkled, she drew her hand from her muff and presented it to the audacious stranger, who held it in his shameless grasp during two long minutes, to the great consternation of the rest of the school. Then, bowed specially to Narcissus, and generally to the other inmates of Hollyhock House, after which he took his departure, and our procession moved on again. I fear you will think we were very frivolous, but girls will be girls, and this little adventure formed the staple subject of conversation amongst us for at least twenty-four hours afterwards.

One of us even ventured to question the good-natured Miss Martha on the subject. She was in the kitchen with her yachting-hat on (being susceptible to draughts), and, girl around with a brown holland apron, was engaged in making mince-cake.

"What was he like, child?" she asked.

"He was tall and thin, with a hook nose, iron-grey hair, a very big mustache, and no whiskers."

"It sounds like Tom Silcock," quoth the Boatwain. "Dear, dear, what'd he thought of poor Tom coming back!"

With these words she went on chopping, and nothing more could be got out of her.

The promenade incident happened on a Saturday-morning. On the following Monday evening, after tea, Jane the parlour-maid came into the school-room, and said, "Miss Flinders desires Miss Dashed to step into the study."

The study was the apartment where parents saw Miss Flinders on confidential business, and where "wiggings" of extra strength were administered to us girls. So I arose in fear and trembling, trying to recall all the crimes I had lately committed.

The study was a square chamber. The fire there (unlike ours) always burnt brightly. The Field-Marshal sat at a desk covered with correspondence. She was flanked by the celestial and terrestrial worlds. These globes greatly impressed illiterate parents, to the background hanging a green carpet with a pattern so remarkable because he never spoke. At the Field-Marshal's side sat her sister Narcissus, busily docketing letters.

"Sit down, Clara," don't be afraid. I'm not going to scold," said the Field-Marshal, as she turned round to see me.

"The fact is, Clara," continued F.M., quite affably, "I sent for you to ask your advice, as you are one of my oldest girls, and have, I hear, a decided taste for acting."

"What could be coming next?" I wondered. But all I said was meekly and interrogatively, "Yes, Miss Flinders?"

"Hitherto, as you know, our breaking-up parties have been very simple affairs. Only a little part-singing and some dancing. This time I thought of having a little play acted."

"Oh! it would be so nice, Miss Flinders!" I exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"I shall not interfere in it myself," pursued Miss Flinders. "I shall let my sister Isabella and some of you elder girls manage it. I make only two conditions. The getting it up must interfere as little as possible with the regular school work, and the play must be very simple, and suited to the understanding of the little ones. I should suggest, Isabella, some fairy tale or nursery legend, not burlesque, but told gravely naturally."

"This is just my idea, Clementine" (this was our worthy Field-Marshal's Christian name, replied Narcissus. "What do you say, Clara, to *The Babes in the Wood*?"

"Delightful!" I cried, clapping my hands, for, in my excitement, I forgot that I was sitting in a dreary study.

"As on this occasion we shall like a good number of our friends to see the entertainment," said Miss Flinders. "I shall, with due precautions, relax the usual rules about invitations."

With these words she waved her pen graciously, indicating that the audience had terminated.

### III.

#### PREPARATION AND DEMORALISATION

HE getting up of the play must interfere as little as possible with the regular school work." It was very easy for the Field-Marshal to say this, it was very difficult for us to observe her precept.

Obviously matters went on pretty smoothly, but in reality we were all more or less "demoralised."

We might be learning French or German, geography or history, but we were always thinking about the play. The Babes in the Wood intruded themselves into our drawing lessons, into our piano-forte practice, into our calisthenic exercises. Even after we were supposed to be safe in bed we held impromptu rehearsals. The Field-Marshal, however, perceived little or nothing of this, partly because

(Continued on page 12.)

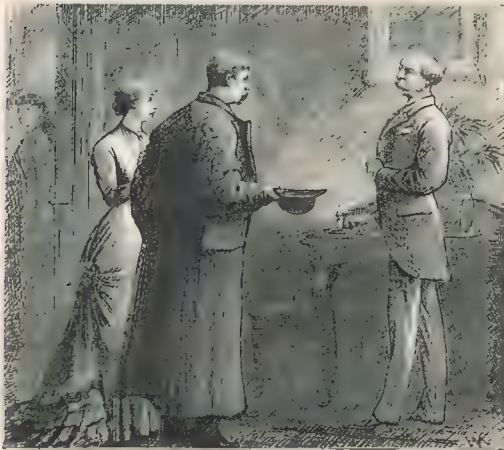




"HE DREW ASIDE TO LET US PASS, AND SALUTED US PUNCTILIOUSLY, BUT WITHOUT SPEAKING"



"A BEING IN THE GARB OF A GENTLEMAN HAD ACCOSTED MISS ISABELLA, WHO, WITH THE PARISIAN NATIVE, WAS MARCHING AT OUR HEAD"



"THE CAPTAIN DREW HIMSELF UP STIFFLY, AND REPLIED, 'I REMEMBER YOU BUT TOO WELL, SIR'"



"ALL THAT THE AUDIENCE HEARD WAS MR. SILCOCK'S AGONISED 'SPEAK UP!'"



"THE LATHS OF THE SCENE WAS HEIGHTENED BY THE FACT THAT ONE OF THE BABES WAS REALLY CRYING"



"ALLOW ME, MR. BOTTOMLEY, TO INTRODUCE MY DAUGHTER"

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD"





FROM A SKETCH BY E. K. JOHN ON

1. The Girl — 2. The Boy — 3. Comedy — 4. The Boy's Garden — 5. George's Last Fugue — 6. The Arrival of Visitors — 7. First Evening Party —  
8. The Boy's Room — 9. A General Call

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS AT THE SQUIRRELS





FROM A PICTURE BY W. SMALL

"HOME ONCE MORE!"













FROM A PAINTING BY J. W. NICOL

"AN IMMEDIATE SETTLEMENT WILL OBLIGE"





FROM A PAINTING BY W. L. THOMA.

"THE FIRST PARTY - THE INTRODUCTION."



He saw with relief that he seemed to dislike the work of destruction that raged everywhere almost as much as he did himself for only a little of the tiled snow was touched by her soft lips; now and then she laughed a little silver laugh and shook her rippling gold-brown hair at something the being next to her said, a great boy mortal with a red face, bold eyes, and strong brown hands, whose fate was fatal to everything within their range.

How the Prince hated that boy! he forgot his indignities and disappointments to listen jealously to what she said to him. "I say," said the boy (who seemed to be known as "Bertie"), as he received a plate full of floating fragments of the lacework temple, "you aren't eating anything, Mabel. Don't you like suppers? I do."

"I am not hungry," she said, as if she felt it had been so. "I've been so out of this fortnight."

"How joyful!" said he. "I only wish I had. But, I say," he added confidentially, "won't they make you take a grey powder soon? They would not."

"I'm never made to take anything at all nasty," she said, and the Prince thought it was merely her due.

"I suppose," he went on, "you didn't get any of that cake the conjuror made in Uncle John's hall, did you?"

"No, indeed," she said, making a little face. "I don't think I should like cakes that come out of people's hats."

"I got a lot of it," he said. "I was afraid it might spoil my appetite for supper, but it hasn't."

"What a very greedy boy you are, Bertie," she said. "I suppose you would eat anything?"

"At home I think I could," he said with a proud confidence, "but not at old Troncor's. I can't—I go to school at Troncor's, you know—I can't manage the exorcution pie on Saturdays. All the week they save up all the old bones and rags and things, and when it comes up—"

"You talk about nothing but horrid things to eat," she interrupted; "and it isn't a bit interesting."

Bertie allowed himself a brief interval for refreshment unalloyed by conversation, after which he began again. "Mabel, if there's dancing after supper, dance with me."

"Are you sure you can dance?" she said fastidiously.

"I don't last till dawn," he said; "it was easy enough, just like drilling. Say you will!"

"I don't believe they will have dancing," she said; "there are too many more children here. But I hope there won't be any more games—games are stupid."

"Only to girls," said Bertie; "I don't never care about any fun."

"Not that kind of fun," she said rather vaguely. "I like hie-and-seek in an old house with long passages and dark corners and secret panels and—"

"You laughed as much as any one," and I saw you push young Billy Meekin off the last chair and sit on yourself, anyhow."

"You didn't," she cried, flushing angrily.

"I did!"

"But I tell you I didn't!"

"And I say you did!"

"If you persist in saying I did when I'm quite sure I did nothing of the sort, please don't speak to me again. If you do I shan't answer. And I consider you a particularly ill-bred boy—don't polite like my brothers."

"Your brothers are every bit as rude as I am. And if they aren't, they're mislarks. I wouldn't be a mislark."

"My brothers aren't mislarks—they could fight you!" she said, with a defiant ring in her voice, that the Prince thought quite perfect in a Princess.

"What do girls know about fighting?" said Bertie. "I could fight your brothers all put in a row."

"That you could!" said Mabel. "I could then, so now!"

From Bertie, and so on, until Mabel refused to answer any more of Bertie's taunts as they grew in pungency and took refuge in a dismal silence, whereupon he consumed taunts with gloomy determination.

Then all at once Mabel happened to look towards the white dome on which the Prince stood, and he felt her clear grey eyes rest upon him with a pleased surprise.

Have you ever known what it feels like to find a pair of charming eyes meeting yours with a sudden interest?

I have once: in a dream.

He began to have the wildest hopes; could it be, after all, that she was his destined bride? He was rather small for her, certainly (how much smaller, he had, of course, no idea; what shot man ever knows exactly how short he seems to other people?) but Fairyland was full of resources; he could be filled out to her size, or, better still, she might be brought down to his.

Meanwhile she was looking at him with growing pleasure; evidently she wanted to be better acquainted with him.

She even turned once more to the offending Bertie, not without a struggle.

"Bertie," she said, softly; but Bertie could not give up the luxury of sulking with her all at once; he looked another way.

"Don't sulk, Bertie," she said. "I thought only girls sulked. And I wanted to tell you something."

His curiosity was too much for his dignity. "Well, what?" he asked.

"Only," she told him, "that I've been thinking over things, and I've come to the conclusion that, perhaps, you could fight my brothers—only except Charlie. But then you'd never want to, would you?"

Bertie, only half-appeased, muttered that he could punch Charlie's head off in two minutes, and Mabel actually was brave enough to agree, though she thought it would take him at least five. "And now," she added, "we're friends again, aren't we?"

He was a cynic in his way. "What do you want now?" he grumbled. "You should think before you quarrel with a fellow, you know."

Mabel's fine eyebrows contracted, and she bit her lips as she said very coolly, "Oh, very well, I won't ask you. I thought perhaps you'd like to do something for me, but I can ask the boy on the other side, only he's awkward and shy, and not a boy I should care to know exactly."

The implied battery did its work. "What is it?" he said, quite softened now.

"You'll be doing a nice boy, Bertie," she whispered breathlessly. "If you will only get me that dear little sugar Prince from the cake there—only be quiet, or some one else will have him!"

In a second the enraptured Prince found himself lying on her plate!

"Isn't he lovely?" she cried.

"Not bad," said Bertie. "Give us a bit."

"Give you a bit?" she said, with the kindest disgust and horror.

"Oh, Bertie! Did you really think I wanted him to eat?"

"That point isn't poisonous," he said. "I've eaten lots of things like that."

"You really are too horrid!" she said. "You think only about eating things. All is over between us," she added with immense dignity. "For the future we will be strangers."

He stared helplessly. To go too had to think him like this when he had done what she wanted, and only asked for a share in the spoil—but it was just like night!

And at this moment there was a general rising, the Prince was carried tenderly upstairs, entrusted with many cautions to a trim maid, and laid to rest wrapped in a soft lace handkerchief upon a dressing table, to dream of the new life in store for him, to the accompaniment of faintly-heard music and laughter from below. His ideas of Fairyland and recovering his rights were fading fast, for facts were too strong for him, but he no longer regretted them; he might not be a real Fairy Prince, and she might never be his Princess, but he was here none the less for evermore, and that was worth all Fairyland to him.

How bewitching her anger had been when Bertie suspected her of wanting the Prince for her own eating! "Eating," by the way, being evidently the name given to the way in which these ruthless mortals caused everything beautiful to pass away between their sharp teeth.

Yes, he was perfectly happy, for weak things are glad of their weakness when it only gives them protection, and it was delightful to be pitied and protected by this lovely child Mabel. Luckily he could not know what a little sugar loaf he was making of himself, or I think he would have dissolved into syrup with shame.

She came up to fetch him at last; something fleet and white was fastened round her head and shoulders, framing her flower face, and she received him into her hands with a cry of delight that he was safe, and hurried down with him.

He heard of Bertie for the last time; he came up to her and whispered slyly, "You've kept your word; you've not looked at me since supper, and all because I thought you wanted to eat that sugar thing off the cake. I tell you what, you may pretend you don't like eating; but I wouldn't give much for that figure's chance of lasting a week, now."

She glanced at him with calm disdain and passed on under the awning to her carriage, leaving Bertie with a recollection which would make his first fortnight under old Troncor's roof doubly bitter to him.

What a delicious dreamy drive home that was for the Prince! He lay coiled on Mabel's soft pelt, thinking how cool and satiny it was, and how different from the hot coarse hands which had touched him hitherto.

She said nothing to her brothers, who were curled up, grey and listless forms, opposite, as if as a gleam from a street lamp shot now and then into the carriage, the Prince saw her smiling with half-sleepy eyes at the recollection of the evening's scenes.

If that drive could only have gone on for ever!

But the carriage stopped, and the little white protectress placed him where she could see him when first she awoke next day, and all that night the Prince kept his watch on the high nursery mantelpiece, and thought of nothing but the kiss, half playful and half childish, she had given him just before she went to rest.

The next day she was tired and, if I must confess it, a little cross, but he thought her lovelier even than on the night before, in her black dress and fresh eyes, his father's old piano.

She took him down with her to breakfast and posted him near her plate.

Then he made a discovery. *She*, too, could cause the solid things around her to vanish in the very way he thought she disapproved!

It was done, as she seemed to do everything, very daintily and very dilly—but still the things did disappear, and it was a shock.

She called the attention of her governess, a pale woman, with a very prominent forehead and round spectacles, to the Prince's good looks; and she agreed that he was very pretty, but cautioned Mabel not to eat him, as she had heard such things contained deleterious matter.

"Oh!" said Mabel, defending her favorite with great animation, "but *not* that one, Miss Pringle. I heard Mrs. Goodchild tell somebody she was *swiss*—careful to choose only sweets that had 'pure vegetable' colors," she called it. But of course I never *swiss*ed."

"Of course," said the governess, with a smile that somehow the Prince thought very unpleasant; he was glad to forget it in watching the play of Mabel's pretty restless fingers on the table cloth.

By and by the nurse came in, carrying something which the Prince soon found was called a "baby." He was much alarmed; for he had never seen such a thing before. It goggled round it with glassy meaningless eyes, and his head was deep down in his throat, while it stretched out feeble little wrinkled hands exactly like yellow starfish.

"Dear little man," said the nurse. "See, Miss Mabel; he was *born* that way, you know."

"That," happened to be the sugar Prince.

Mabel seemed to be completely in the power of this monster, for she dared not refuse it anything; she crossed over to it timidly, and laid the Prince in one of its starfish, with an entreaty that nurse would not let it put him in his mouth. But the baby had to such intention; its vacant countenance only creased into an idiotic grin, and the Prince felt himself violently tossed up and down till he felt quite giddy (which was what was described as being taken notice of), and then it ducked him quite suddenly headlongest into the nearest cup of tea.

The poor Prince felt as if he were all softening and crumbling away into nothing, but that was only the point coming off.

With a cry of dismay Mabel rescued him from the outraged baby, which howled in a dreadful manner, dried him tenderly on her hand, and then began to cry incessantly herself.

"Oh, see what Baby's done!" she wailed between her sobs, "all his lovely complexion ruined—spoiled. I wish somebody would just spoil Baby's face for him, and see how he likes it. If he isn't snipped at *now* I'll never love him again!"

But the baby was not snipped, only pacified, and even if it had leapt, not at all the slaps hand could bestow would ever restore the Prince's beauty.

His face was all the colors of the rainbow now; the yellow from his curls had run into his forehead, his brown eyes were smudged across his nose, and his cherry lips into his cheeks, while all the blue of his doublet had spread up to his chin.

He knew, from everybody's comments, what had happened to him, but he had never been vain—he had Mabel still, her pity and sympathy were very precious and consoling to him, so he did not care very much.

He leaned against her desk in the schoolroom that morning, watching her turning lazily over fat books, and inking her fair little hand for an hour or two, until she shut them all up with a bang, and yawned.

Was it then that he began to feel uncomfortable?

"Is it nearly luncheon time, Miss Pringle?" she asked. "I'm awfully hungry."

The governess's watch showed an hour more to wait.

"Do you think Mrs. Confit would let me have some cake, if I asked her?"

The governess thought Mabel could very well wait till lunch.

Mabel took the faded Prince up, and looked mournfully at him.

"What a shame of Baby," she said. "I wanted to keep him to look at, but I can't now, *now*, Miss Pringle? Do you make these things *any* for ornaments, do you think?"

The governess suggested that she should return to her exercise.

"Presently," said Mabel. "But I want to know, does 'vegetable' mean 'harmless' or 'dele'—what you said at breakfast."

Dr. Brown said vegetables were very good for me. I wonder if I might just *take* him?"

The Prince's dream ended here. He saw it all now, she had petted and praised him while he was pleasant to look at; now that was over, and she only thought of eating him after all!

Of course, it was all he had any right to expect, but it was bitter pain for him for all that. He was lifted between her slim fingers and thrust to her lips, and touched caressingly by something red and moist and warm which was thrust from between them.

This was not unpleasant, but he cared for nothing any more, except that she would make haste and end his wretchedness.

"He tastes of vanilla," Mabel reported. "Oh, Miss Pringle, vanilla *must* be wholesome. Cook favours *man-nage* with it."

Miss Pringle only shrugged her sharp shoulders.

And then—really I hardly like to go on—but this is a true story, and I must tell exactly what happened—then Mabel's grey eyes looked at him with interest for the last time, he saw two gleaming pearly rows, they closed on him sharply, crunched him up into small pieces, and there was an end of him. She had eaten him up every bit.

And yet there was not quite an end of him even then; long after he had gone she thought and spoke of him, which was surely more than he could ever have hoped for; for he made one of the pearly teeth ache, and Mabel was obliged to go to the dentist's.

There is a beautiful moral belonging to this story, but I shan't not give it here, because it only applies to Sugar Princes—until Mabel grows up.

## Judy McCann's Dream

By C. J. HAMILTON,

Author of "Hedged with Thorns," "Marriage Bonds," "The Flimsy of Fynville," &c.

I.

WHAT THE DREAM WAS ABOUT

JUDY MCCANN had a dream. She saw herself in the old ruined church of Doonavallagh; in that grim desolate spot by the dark western corner was a door, a doorway of coffin-lids, broken and decayed, thrown in a huge heap along with odds and ends of bones and skulls which had been dug out from time to time to make room for fresh burials. Such a sight could hardly be seen anywhere else but in a Kerry churchyard.

There it is, however, at Doonavallagh for any one who cares to investigate the matter. Judy had often visited Doonavallagh in the flesh, but never had that heap of worm-eaten coffin-lids appeared to her so ghastly and appalling as it did in her dream. She dreamt that she had taken them up slowly one by one, and that underneath, at the very bottom of the last coffin (for that was it, a huge "crock of gold"—real virgin gold—glittering and shining in the darkness.

When this dream was repeated three nights in succession, Judy felt that the matter was sufficiently important to be brought before the consideration of an aged prophesist, called Mary Bawn, or White Mary, a witch in a small way, and a very female Joseph in the art of interpreting dreams and unfolding the hidden purport which might be concealed therein.

Mary Bawn lived across the bog, and oft tripped Judy one fine morning in September, brimful of her dream and its consequences. Mary Bawn was suffering from an attack of what she called "information in her head."

Now information in the head is, as you may be aware, a very desirable thing (I wish we had it), but "inflammation in the head," which was what the aged seer really meant, is not at all an object of ambition. The old lady was a sight to frighten the crows," as Judy McCann pulled the latch of the door, and entered the sunless, gloomy cell.

Imagine a yellow wizened face bound up in a bundle of rags, and a pair of small bony eyes peering wearily out of the uncannily mass; imagine a bent, shrivelled figure, squinted, or rather crooked on a stick; and, by the side of an attenuated fire. Such was Mary Bawn's outward woman. Her occupation was not a feminine one. She was lazily smoking a battered pipe which had evidently seen many years' service. She nudged to a stool on the other side of the fire, and went into a study of the pipe.

Having given forth her greeting, "God and St. Patrick be with you," now took her seat, and daily unfolded her dream, in the Irish tongue, with much unction and many gestures.

"You see that has been the work of the devil, Judy Bawn, taking her pipe from her skinny lips. I always said ye'd have it, iver since I seen the caul on yer head the night ye was born."

"It's been a long time comin', Mary, agn."

"What matter? Whose name is it, Judy?"

"And what 'ud ye have me do, Mary—What will it be?"

"What will you be at, in it?—why, be off to Doonavallagh the first fine night, and do as the thrane (God bless it) has told ye."

"Sure, I'm afraid, Mary; and that's the thruth. It's aisy talkin', but Doonavallagh is a lonesome place; and 'th' old bones 'ud frighten the life out of me—"

"Is't frighten you? Sure, how could they harm you? Arn't ye doin' as the thrane bids you?—ne'er a one can touch ye then—"

"I'd rather some one else 'ud do it for me, Mary—"

"Sorra a one but yerself has the power. Thim as has the thrane, thim's the ones that ought to work it—ne'er a one carries luck but thim."

"Well, my way, I'll wait till the full moon and the light nights."

"Ye'll be a fool for yer pains, if ye do. Didn't ye see the place dark all around ye?"

"I did, sure enough."

"Well, and doesn't that mane that ye're to take a dark night? There'll be a new moon next Tuesday, St. Michael's Day (the 1<sup>st</sup> of the month), and the pattern-day of Ventry. Be off, then, to Doonavallagh, andorra a bit of bonny luck it touch ye. It's queer things 'could tell about thranes; but this information in my head, I can't tell it—has me bothered."

"Take a cup of tea, Mary, and it'll keep your heart up."

"A cup of tea? It's cold, Mary Bawn, indignantly spitting on the floor, and stamping her foot on the spot. "I've ne'er a halpenny to pay for a glass of water. It's hard work for a poor lone dissolute widow like me to get a bit of yellow male and a spoon of new milk, let alone tea. Ye're mighty grand, Judy McCann, wid yer tea."

Judy looked ruefully at her own bare toes. "Niver fear, Mary," said she, "whin I get the crock of gold, ye shall have full and plenty, tay and whiskey, too, that'll raise yer heart as big as a lark's."

"Ye're not a bad sort of a girl, Judy," answered Mary Bawn, resuming her pipe. "I always said it. The highth or good luck to you, and be sure, Judy, when ye go to Doonavallagh, don't forget yer brown cap."

"Divil a fear," promptly responded Judy, as she tripped away. Her expedition to the old ruined church had been before vague.

(Cont. next page 20.)



The influence which sanitation will exert in the future over the science and art of medicine promises to be momentous. It promises nothing less than the development of a NEW ERA.

In time the word CURE will go altogether. It is clear already that there is indeed no such thing. A man born to live through a given cycle lives through it free of disease, unless he is stricken from without. If stricken, and by the stroke the natural functions, by the exercise of which he lives, are not so disturbed but that he can swing back again in due order, he may recover. If he be stricken beyond this he will die. Nature will pursue her course undisturbed by either event. She will make no special effort to kill, and assuredly she will put out no special hand to save. She will nerve, and may by knowledge put the stricken back into condition that it will swing back into natural course, but whether he will have put it into a condition in which it will survive or die. This is the very highest development of medical art resting on science. But it is no cure in the common meaning of the term.



With each Bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT is wrapped a Large Illustrated Sheet, showing the best means of stamping out infectious diseases, Fevers, and BLOOD POISONS, &c. If this invaluable information was universally carried out, many forms of diseases now producing such havoc would cease to exist, as Plague, Leprosy, &c., have done, when the true cause has become known.

THE player on the other side is hidden from us, we know that his play is ALWAYS fair, just, and patient. But we also know to our cost that he never overdoes.

LORD. BEACONSFIELD

**LEGISLATION AND POWER.**  
**L**ORD BEACONSFIELD wisely said, "Public attention should be concentrated on Sanitary Legislation." Also, "The health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and power depends." Amongst the Greeks great sanitary reforms received divine honours, for Hercules was the scavenger of Hygeia. It is marvellous that an improved system of compulsory sanitary laws has not been vigorously carried out before now! It is ONLY when some great visitation of disease occurs that the present system is started into action, but no notice is taken when the deaths are not in rapid succession.

WHAT IS THE MOST TERRIBLE LESSON OF THIS LIFE?

**OUTRAGED NATURE, SHE KILLS AND KILLS,**  
AND IS NEVER TIRED OF KILLING HIM. SHE HAS TAUGHT  
THE TERRIBLE LESSON MAN IS SO SLOW TO LEARN, THAT NATURE  
IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEYING HER.

WHAT dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death? To say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes from the loss of the bread-winners of families.

**F**OR the most practical mode of Sanitary Legislation for the prevention of disease and premature death, see a large Illustrated Sheet given with each bottle of ENOS FRUIT SALT. Every TRAVELLING TRUNK and HOUSEHOLD in the WORLD ought to contain a bottle of ENOS FRUIT SALT. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of

**THIS LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED,**  
 "NATURE'S DISCIPLINE IS NOT EVEN A WORD AND A BLOW,  
 AND THE BLOW FIRST, BUT THE BLOW WITHOUT THE WORD IS  
 LEFT TO YOU TO FIND OUT WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED."

**O**BEDIENCE to natural laws is health and happiness and long life, while disobedience or ignorance entails disease, and hands it down from one generation to another.

**ENO'S FRUIT SALT** (prepared from sound ripe fruit) is one of Nature's own products. It contains all the valuable saline constituents of ripe fruit in a portable, agreeable, and simple form, and is in every respect as valuable and as harmless as the juices of fruits from which it is obtained.

A SONG OF GRATITUDE, by an F.S.A. Eighty  
Years of age

There words a wise Physician said:

"Stomach's a master all should dread  
Oppose his laws—for Death prepare!  
Obey them: Health will triumph there!"  
With grateful thanks I hail thy name,  
ENOI and strive to give it fame  
Your SALI-of-FRU! can bring me ease  
And give me comfort when I please:  
Ily true aperient, strong or mild,  
To calm a pain or soothe a child  
And Nature, without force or strain;  
Strengthen heart, liver, lung, and brain;  
Make the pulse neither fast nor slow,  
The blood heat not too high or low  
So bring health at little cost,  
Keweenaw, N. J. I regret not had I  
To I N O S S A L I I lowen debt  
To these salut. min. may n. of regret;  
W. h. h. m. that debt, in part, I pay  
Experience teaching what to say

## **A LCOHOLIC DRINKS**—The present system of living

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without, you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.  
Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT AT ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E.

With the progress of sanitary science we must expect to see preventive medicine take the ascendancy. Cure will cease, prevention will grow. Humanly-made epidemics, like the Great Plague of London, which was planted and reared in the rush covered floors of domities saturated with human excrement, will be replaced by typhoid, which is fed by foul streams used as drinking-water, such self-made epidemics will be prevented by simple mechanical skill. Diseases imposed by indulgence in harmful pleasures and appetites, or by physical overwork and shock, which, like the lightning stroke, come without warning, will also be placed under the influence of some protecting care, and if not removed, will be reduced to a short calendar.

An Address delivered before the  
Sanitary Institution of Great  
Britain by B. W. RICHARDSON,  
M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

BEFORE AND AFTER

THE  
CHRISTMAS PUDDING

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

## THE FESTIVE SEASON

**HOW TO ENJOY GOOD FOOD**, which otherwise disorders the digestive organs, causing bilious headaches and impure blood. —Use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Also, as a refreshing, cooling, invigorating beverage use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is the best preventive and cure for biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Impurities on the Face, Bad Breath, Flatulency, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c, and to remove the effects of Lard in Drinking.

**ENO'S FRUIT SALT** throws off viscid and unhealthy bile and poisonous humours, prevents peevishness, despair, hypochondria, &c., and PRODUCES a HEALTHY ACTION on the WHOLE PROCESS OF DIGESTION, Assimilation, and Nutrition. It gives the poor nervous dyspeptic the height of

**PARIS** and **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**.—"A gent'eman called in yesterday. He is a constant sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, and has taken all sorts of mineral waters. I recommended him to give you F&E 11 SALT, a trix, which he did, and receive great benefit. He says he never knew what it was to be without it, and until he tried your F&E 11 SALT, and for the future shall never be without it in the house. M. BERAL, 14, Rue de la Paix, Paris."

**A RUNAWAY KNOCK.**—Douglas Jerrold, describing a very dangerous illness from which his daughter had just recovered, said: "Ah, Sir, it was a Runaway Knock at Death's door. I can assure you." How to prevent death from disease by natural means, use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is the best known remedy, it removes fatal or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood, allays nervous excitement or depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

## HOW TO PREVENT FEVER.—"Dilburgbar, Upper Assam, India, March 6, 1886 "Dear Sir,—I desire to state that the *Asiatic*, which I, and I do not doubt many others in this part of the world, use almost exclusively, is the best and most reliable of all the medicines for the prevention of fever. I have used it on board ship in tropical latitudes, and have there and elsewhere found it more than twice as efficacious in the prevention of fever as quinine. I have taken it to the fact that its use has warded off fever over and over again. I have taken it in it is invaluable. As far as I am aware it is most popular in the part of North Eastern Asiatic India, and I consider that you are already entitled to the honor of its introduction into your country. I am not at all acquainted with you, but from the extreme individual inconvenience arising from procuring it, I am glad with my name to appear, and merely subscribe myself, most truly yours, A. PLANTER.—J. C. ENO, Esq., HATCHAM FRUIT SALT WORKS, LONDON, S. E.

**ENO'S FRUIT SALT.**—In hot or foreign climates it is invaluable. It relieves the system of effete or poisonous matter, the ground work of fevers and other diseases, which, if retained, poisons the blood, and produces the most disastrous consequences. It allays nervous excitement, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition by natural means. The day is not far distant when it will be considered a criminal not to send troops to such climates without a proper supply of FRUIT SALT.—J. C. ENO.

**DRAWING AN OVER-DRAFT ON THE BANK**  
 OF LIFE Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, sick headache, etc., or persons perplexed in the fall, want of appetite, weak stomach, etc. **DR. FLEMING'S KIDNEY PILLS** IS PLEASANT, COOLING, HEALTH-GIVING, REFRESHING, AND INVIGORATING. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

"SUCCESS IN LIFE." A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A series of ADVERTISING IMITATIONS are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying it, employ a clever enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exact as to excite suspicion. They then exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original manner, could not fail to secure reputation and profit—ADAMS.

EVERY TRAVELLING TRUNK AND HOUSEHOLD IN THE  
WORLD OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

PREPARED FROM SOUND RIPE . R. U. F.,  
AS A HEALTH GIVING, COOLING, SLACKING, AND  
INVIGORATING BEVERAGE FOR ANY SEASON



ENGLAND.



AUSTRALIA.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without, you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.  
Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT AT ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E.





FROM A PAINTING BY HEYWOOD HARRIS

THE CAT OF THE HOUSE





"CUPID TOBOGGANING"

BY A. HOPKINS

*From the Original Drawing by Sydney P. Hall, the Property of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales*



ICHAELMANS DAY duly arrives—a day full of fate. Resplendent morning fades into somber afternoon, and somber afternoon fades into a dark night. By the time the purple mists of evening have thickened, the “inverted reaping-hook” summit of tall Carran na Tal, Jui McCarran has thrown her shawl over her head and is creeping up towards the desolate Church of Doomevalagh. How still, how terrible are the silent fates of the bog beyond! The roar of the Atlantic tide, as it breaks on the bar at Inch Point, comes with a hollow booming sound. But only now and then, when Jui McCarran is alone, does she stop to listen, her ears sharpened to catch the faintest echo of the sea, the smallest bird, or the whisper of the finest leaf on the moor or on the grass. On she steals, till the ivy-covered walls of Doomevalagh are near, and she feels that she has reached her destination. The night is dark, but the awe-inspiring dream strewn here and there in the face as she creeps under the stile, and wades through nettles and rank grass towards the ruins of the old church, has made her forget the presence of the monuments of the dead. Doomevalagh Church is one of those rude, simple, ramshackle edifices, the work of the hands of the poor. On a narrow approach, however, the walls are seen to be five feet thick; while the curious doorway, broad at the bottom and narrowing to the top, is composed of three solid blocks of granite, and belongs to that period of remote antiquity before the arch was introduced into Irish church architecture. The narrow, narrow loopholes outside, broadened towards the interior, so as to give it as much light as possible, while at the same time they excluded the wind and rain, were the only openings in the walls. The floor of glass had become common. As she fits through the doorway a strong, muscular man meets her eyes, thrust into the corner, which had been the place of the altar, and she is startled by his yawning. “Sokeeta that hoo oon contamed eyes; a hollow howl comes from the darkness, and she is startled by the sound of shunning teeth. It is passed by, however, she steals on, till, in the roofless church, by the tall, narrow, narrow loopholes, she sees that in the distance, in the night, now she is in the old western corner marked out in her memory by letters of horror. After bare feet it is over a fragment of the

"Well, he shall pay for it. We'll split his skull for him this blessed night -see if we won't."

With one blow of a heavy crowbar, which he pushes through the window, he has felled the supine Shawn to the ground.



spoil the pretty face the girls doat upon; that'll tache him not to be paying about like a crowd of that he'll be!"

"He went down mighty aisy," whispers Martin.

"He did, too aisy. I doubt if he's hurt. I doubt it 'twas him at all."

How Judy's heart beats as she cowers in her lurking-place—here he feels that, perhaps, in another minute he may be dragged out, and his last hour may come. But just at this crisis, Shawn's old bel-ridden comes, gives a series of the most pleasant means which might well come from the supposed sufferer on the floor; and then starting up, she breaks out into a piercing cry, "Shawn, Shawn, where are ye, alanna? Ye're kilt, ye're kilt, my son!"

"Ye're not kilt, ye're not kilt," says "sure," chuckles Dinny.

"Give him a taste of lead, Martin; that'll settle his head. Fire down, so that you may not him."

Martin obeys, and fires his old pistol through the gap in the window. The sparks catch fire to the straw, the smoke rises in a dense cloud, and the red flames begin to glow and spread.

"They'll think it took fire in the night," whispers Dinny. "The bloody pols have none of their men to the fore. More power, Martin; that was well done, *bonchologie*; ye're a better man than they thought ye wor. Shawn 'llus now have to be proud of in the mornin'."

With a hoarse laugh, the two men fit past the turf stacks, then they turn into the glen, and are soon out of sight.

"Och ye be to God," cried Judy, clasping her hands. "They're gone!"

The next piece of work is to drag Shawn's old mother out of the dark corner. When this is done, Shawn and Judy improve matters by firing a couple of shots into the air, and then they go again and again on the blaring cabin. But all in vain, they find the disordered clock, the bed-stead, and a few plates and dishes from the *divan*, and this is hardly accomplished when the flames rise higher and higher, the roof falls in, and Shawn's cabin is amongst the things of the past.

"Och! 'musha, musha," cries Judy, "an't it a cruel sin to se it."

"What matter," answers Shawn, "in't we have our lives? Only for you, Judy, it's not standin' here I'd be with a whole skin. You've saved my life, git, so you have."

"But I haven't got the crock of gold," says Judy. "Oh! I want it for a reward, for I've saved your life, and you've saved mine."

"What crock of gold?" inquires Shawn.

So Judy narrates her dream at full length, and ends with, "And I'll never, never have but the one heir."

"Come nearer, Judy, so I can hear you better," says Shawn, "Catch a hound of me, git."

She obeys, wondering to herself why Shawn should speak thus. By the blazing embers his dark handsome face, smoked and smutted though it be, looks handsomer than ever. As Judy glances timidly up, it seems to her

As if it were a face, to whom some bright particular star, And think to wed it. He is so far above her.

She never bestows a thought on the amethyst depths of those lovely parts of eyes, all aglow with passion and tenderness, nor never thinks of the love that warms them and that would make even an ugly face beautiful. No, her heart is too full to hold anything of self.

"Lad," says Shawn, "do you know what?"

"No."

"That I'd marry you if you'd ne'er a heifer at all."

"Ah! Shawn, you wouldn't—"

"But would! Ye've shown what stuff ye're made of to-night, and by the help of God we'll be called in chapel next Sunday."

"Ah! Shawn, ye're humbuggin' me."

"Faith, I'm not humbuggin' you at all. We'll trust in the good God, and we'll build the cabin up, and go into it again together. Yes, as sure as your name is John McCrann I'll see ye back by me, and, signs on it, I'll tick by you."

So, though Judy got no crock of gold, she got what was perhaps better—her heart's desire. That is what very few of us, wandering through the dusty high road of life, with wars and wars and peace, ever get. But Judy McCrann had the height of good luck. This Mary Bawn prophesied that she would have, and such prophecies, like the oracles of ancient days, were sure to come true, somehow or other.

## Dowb's Coxcombery

By E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY.

### I.

CAPTAIN LORD JULIUS DOWB was no relation to the "Dowb's" who was "taken care of" during the Crimean War; but he was a young nobleman of wealthy family, who had a great number of influential connections. This explains how he got his captaincy when he was but just turned twenty-two, and had not distinguished himself otherwise than by travelling in the train of his father, the Marquis of Doubtewell, when the latter went to carry a Garter to H.S.H. the Prince of Rigmorlen-Singsongaton. Lord Julius was in the Guards then; but on getting his step he was advised to exchange into the 25th Hussars, who were fighting in Afghanistan, in order that there might be no outcry against jobbery. So Dowb rather meekly ordered himself a new uniform and packed up his trunks. He did not object to war in the abstract; but he preferred Fall Mall during the season, and it was the height of the season just then.

To console him for his exile Lord Julius was allowed to take with him the soldier who had been his valet in the Guards—a jolly Forthreikman called Tom Bustle. This fellow had not his equal for mixing the soda and water, which Dowb usually drank in the morning on getting up, or for cooking the devils off which my lord mostly breakfasted. He was besides very nicely particular in the care he took of his master's well-appointed wardrobe. Lord Julius's Indian outfit included twenty downy coat-hangerkerchiefs, a gross of shirts, twenty-four pairs of boots; and a valise full of cravats and perfumery. His uniforms, dress and undress, filled three mottled tin boxes, and his civilian attire six. His lordship could not really be said to be well-dressed, for he was not used to get shot at by Afghans; but he could not waive his right to be properly dressed on occasions where his life was at stake.

The troopship carrying a number of relief drafts was to steam on a Thursday. In the afternoon of the day before—just an hour previous to his leaving London for Portsmouth, Dowb alighted from his brougham at a house in Eaton Square. He was clothed in his regimentals, with a sword hanging at his side; and he thought good to enquire for this costume, as if it were an absurd one when he entered the drawing-room where Lady Merrybell and her daughter Beatrice, two of the nicest people among Dowb's acquaintances, were engaged on some crewel work.

"Why should you call your uniform a livery, and affect to be ashamed of it, Lord Julius?" laughed Beatrice, nervously. "I am sure you are as proud of it as any other officers."

"For my soul I don't know why I should be proud of wearing a coat which is called by the name of fellows, not one of whom I know from Adam. Don't know a soul in the 25th, I assure you."

"Well, you will make their acquaintance, and I hope be popular with them. They are all gentlemen I suppose?"

"Well, I don't expect to meet my tailor among them, if that's what you mean; but I wouldn't answer for my tailor's son. All sorts of odd creatures get into the Army now, and it comes rather hard upon a man who has always lived with one set of chums to go amongst a lot of others who don't know anything about his ways, you see."

"When do you sail?" asked Beatrice, to change the subject.

"To-morrow before twelve, I believe."

"And you have paid all your farewell visits?"

"Yes, I reserved this one for the last."

There was a moment's silence. Lady Merrybell rose, and under pretence of giving an order, glided out of her room. Beatrice went on with her work, but she kept her eyes bent on it, and the colour on her cheeks deepened. It would have been evident to the keenest observer that a meeting of some kind was present—that there was "something" between her and Lord Julius Dowb. The officer stood with his back to the mantelpiece, stroking his moustache, and appearing rather embarrassed as to what he should say next—an unusual mood with him, for he was the coolest creature alive. At last he said abruptly: "Is there anything I can do for you in Afghanistan, Miss Merrybell?"

"I expect you will be so busy there you will not have much time to think of other people's affairs."

"I shall always think of you though."

"Well, then, if you can remember it bring me back one of those gold collars which the Afghan chiefs wear round their necks."

"Yes, a tiger skin, but you must have killed the tiger yourself; and of course you must snatch the gold collar yourself from the neck of the Afghan."

"That's how I understood it. There would be no fun in the thing otherwise," repeated Lord Julius, quietly.

"No, I was only joking," exclaimed Beatrice, looking up with a tearful smile. "Bring yourself back alive and well, and that's all your friends ask for."

"Will that satisfy you too, Beatrice?"

"Yes," she faltered, blushing, for he was standing very close to her then, and his lips bent to touch her forehead as soon as the words were spoken. Five minutes later Lord Julius left Lady Merrybell's house, looking as composed as ever; so that his coachman was far from suspecting what a very important die in his master's life had been cast within the last half-hour. Lord Julius jumped into his brougham, and was driven to Waterloo Station.

At the station he met the most agreeable of commands, and the next day by noon was already out of sight of England.

### II.

TO COLONEL PTARMIGAN, of the 25th Hussars, was not the pleasantest officer in the British army, and his temper had been but little improved by six months' campaigning on the Indian frontier.

Major Burncross, the second in command, was, perhaps, not the most agreeable of commands, and he had lost what little amiability he once had in the hardships of war.

The Major and the Colonel hated each other, and a sabaltem who attached himself to the use was certain to incur the implacable animosity of the other. Unfortunately Ptarmigan could not put down Burncross, for the latter was an excellent officer, who did his duty well, whereas the Colonel was what sub-lieutenants call a duffer.

It was Burncross who really commanded the regiment, and Ptarmigan was obliged to hearken to his advice, for he was sure to get into some scrape if he did not.

But the Major's advice was always most ungraciously given, and the Colonel, in following it, leathed the graver more and more, and felt relieved of any obligations of gratitude towards him.

All this will explain how it was that perfect harmony was not reigning among the officers of the 25th, when Lord Julius Dowb joined their station at Khurdze along with the *Crested*, and the next day by noon was already out of sight of England.

Having been shown to his bungalow, Lord Julius took a bath, dressed, perfumed himself, and went in full uniform to report himself to his Colonel. He flashed in his brilliant clothes from head to foot as if he had been extracted from a dressing-case, and both the Colonel and the Major, who were in the orderly room when he arrived, stared at him astrophically. Their own uniforms were in the seediest condition. However, Dowb's rank and his known influence at headquarters obtained him a civil reception from the two seniors, and it was not till the morning that the inevitable difference of opinion (it was sure to come) arose about him.

Ptarmigan, who was a noodle, thought good to say that he didn't want any coxcombs in his regiment. He liked a soldier to look like a soldier, and not like a ballet-dancer.

"Well, but you wouldn't have the man sell his clothes as soon as to make them look at once like yours?" sneered the Major. "Supposing you give him time to take the gloss off in your campaigning?"

"A like fellow to campaign with!" laughed the Colonel, who was not a little amused by that was his only way of drowsing Burncross's boisterousness. "My opinion is he'll take a smelly-bottle on to the battlefield because the colour of powder will be too much for him."

"Wait and see," said the Major.

"Tut, tut, man! I know you plume yourself upon being a judge of men, but that is only one of your many conceits. Ah!?"

The Major shrugged his shoulders, and re-olived that he would be a friend to Dowb because the Colonel despised him.

It was not till the morning that the inevitable difference of opinion (it was sure to come) arose about him. Ptarmigan, who was a noodle, thought good to say that he didn't want any coxcombs in his regiment. He liked a soldier to look like a soldier, and not like a ballet-dancer.

"Well, but you wouldn't have the man sell his clothes as soon as to make them look at once like yours?" sneered the Major. "Supposing you give him time to take the gloss off in your campaigning?"

"A like fellow to campaign with!" laughed the Colonel, who was not a little amused by that was his only way of drowsing Burncross's boisterousness. "My opinion is he'll take a smelly-bottle on to the battlefield because the colour of powder will be too much for him."

"Wait and see," said the Major.

"Tut, tut, man! I know you plume yourself upon being a judge of men, but that is only one of your many conceits. Ah!?"

The Major shrugged his shoulders, and re-olived that he would be a friend to Dowb because the Colonel despised him.

It was not till the morning that the inevitable difference of opinion (it was sure to come) arose about him. Ptarmigan, who was a noodle, thought good to say that he didn't want any coxcombs in his regiment. He liked a soldier to look like a soldier, and not like a ballet-dancer.

"Well, but you wouldn't have the man sell his clothes as soon as to make them look at once like yours?" sneered the Major. "Supposing you give him time to take the gloss off in your campaigning?"

"A like fellow to campaign with!" laughed the Colonel, who was not a little amused by that was his only way of drowsing Burncross's boisterousness. "My opinion is he'll take a smelly-bottle on to the battlefield because the colour of powder will be too much for him."

"Wait and see," said the Major.

"Tut, tut, man! I know you plume yourself upon being a judge of men, but that is only one of your many conceits. Ah!?"

The Major shrugged his shoulders, and re-olived that he would be a friend to Dowb because the Colonel despised him.

It was not till the morning that the inevitable difference of opinion (it was sure to come) arose about him. Ptarmigan, who was a noodle, thought good to say that he didn't want any coxcombs in his regiment. He liked a soldier to look like a soldier, and not like a ballet-dancer.

"Well, but you wouldn't have the man sell his clothes as soon as to make them look at once like yours?" sneered the Major. "Supposing you give him time to take the gloss off in your campaigning?"

"A like fellow to campaign with!" laughed the Colonel, who was not a little amused by that was his only way of drowsing Burncross's boisterousness. "My opinion is he'll take a smelly-bottle on to the battlefield because the colour of powder will be too much for him."

"Wait and see," said the Major.

"Tut, tut, man! I know you plume yourself upon being a judge of men, but that is only one of your many conceits. Ah!?"

The Major shrugged his shoulders, and re-olived that he would be a friend to Dowb because the Colonel despised him.

It was not till the morning that the inevitable difference of opinion (it was sure to come) arose about him. Ptarmigan, who was a noodle, thought good to say that he didn't want any coxcombs in his regiment. He liked a soldier to look like a soldier, and not like a ballet-dancer.

cation when a few days afterwards he was aroused at early morning by a great commotion in the neighbourhood of the barracks, and, looking out of the window, saw a crowd of natives and soldiers hustling round an ox-cart on which lay two super tigers, a male and female, and three whelps. The whelps were alive, and moving after their kind. Lord Julius Dowb followed in the wake of this procession, smoking a cigarette, and fanning himself with a cambric handkerchief, for it was getting hot.

Down went Major Burncross in a dressing-gown and slippers, and nearly ran bump against the Colonel, who had hurried out from his own bungalow in the same attire.

"Who did that?" said the Major, pointing to the tigers.

"I did, but it's not much to boast of. I had a good revolver, and it was a fine moonlight night. The pair were rather surprised at my standing quietly and blowing my smoke towards them, so I had my shot at them before they had made up their minds how to act. The tigers are touched on the forehead, you see—the tiger got his pill on the spine as he was turning tail. Both were killed outright without any roaring or fuss. It was the whelps who screamed most. When I had gone to the village and come back with some natives and then I came, we found the whelps mawling round the bodies, so we helped them into the cart by their tails. Queer little things, ain't they?"

The Major was almost suffocated with astonishment and envy.

"Do you mean to say that you had the foulhardiness to go out alone with a revolver, contrary to the rules?"

"I had leave from the Colonel," answered Dowb.

"Yes, I gave him leave," assented the Colonel, laughing; "but I say, Burncross, this throws you altogether in the shade, doesn't it? You can't brag any more about your tiger-killing after this, eh?"

The Major said nothing, but retreated into his bungalow.

He was the most crestfallen Major in the British army. When he appeared on parade, and for ever after, he wore a chastened, subdued look, like a man who has received a lesson that will last him a lifetime. As for Dowb, he treated him with a punctilious politeness which was intended to bar all approach to familiarity.

Dowb tried in vain to make friends with the Major. The Major would not be friendly.

Colonel Ptarmigan, on the other hand, was all honey to Dowb, once the latter had humiliated Burncross. But as ill-luck would have it, the Colonel, too, had his very weak point, and this was gold collars. During a skirmish he had encountered an Afghan chief hand to hand, had caught him by the collar, and slain him. The collar, breaking under the chief's weight as the latter fell backwards, had remained in the Colonel's hand as a trophy of victory, and Ptarmigan showed it proudly to everybody as a token of his valour can effect.

After Dowb's estrangement from Burncross he invited the former to luncheon, and showed him the collar, saying, "Doesn't it remind you of Goliath's, eh? I should think there were a pretty good number of golden shackles shining on an Afghan's wrists."

"Fine collar," said Dowb slowly. "I promised to bring home one of the same sort myself."

"You'll have to buy one of them," said the Colonel, chuckling, "for I'm not so easy to get them off the Afghan necks as you are."

"I'll try," said Dowb. "Just please tell me once again, Colonel, how you gripped the fellow who wore this?"

The Colonel, nothing loth, showed how the fellow had been gripped. Dowb appeared to be paying close attention.

Colonel Ptarmigan for the lesson, and said he would endeavour to do like him in the next battle. Ptarmigan liked his modesty, and thought him a very discreet and amiable young man.

But ten days after this there was a battle, and the gallant 25th had to go into action. The charging of these troopers was magnificent, and the slaughter terrific. Poor Burncross was made to bite the dust; Ptarmigan received a shock which rolled him off his horse into a puddle, where he lay on his back unable to move. Whilst in this disgraced position he saw Dowb gallop past him all covered with the grime of battle, and waving his sword, on which were spitted like rings three chieftains' gold chains.

"How did you get those?" shouted the Colonel, as he tried to prop himself up on one elbow.

"Tried your dodge, Colonel, of giving a good wrench—it breaks the hasps a natty," answered Dowb in a matter-of-fact way, as he reined in.

"And you spoiled those three chiefs yourself?"

"Oh, that's difficult," replied Dowb, tranquilly.

"Then I leave the regiment in good hands," said the Colonel, as he sank back with a sigh on the Captain's arm, for Dowb had dismounted and was propping him. "So, they'll almost all have to die, and you'll be in command of what's left of 'em to-night. My account's settled, I feel. Dowb, my boy, I took you for a peppy, but I was wrong. Do me one favour, please."

"Anything I can, Colonel."

"Drag me yonder, then, to where poor Burncross is lying. If there is any life in him we ought to shake hands before going together to our court martial—up—up—up there; you know where I mean, my boy."

Lord Julius Dowb lifted his chief, and had the satisfaction of seeing him and his whilom foe shake hands. A few days later he had the greater gratification of seeing them both recover, and in recollection of the battle they each made him a present—the Major his tiger skin, the Colonel his gold collar.

In due time Major Lord J. Dowb returned to England, and one of his first visits was, of course, to Beatrice Merrybell, to whom he presented the gifts above-said. They were pronounced charming.

"But I am sure you killed neither the tiger nor the chief?" said Beatrice, laughing.

"No, these were presents from two seniors in command," replied Dowb, gently.

"Well, that's better than if you had risked your life for such trifles, eh?" continued Beatrice archly.

"Certainly," responded Lord Julius, "and it saves me the trouble of having to relate adventures of hairbreadth 'scapes and so forth."

Ah! you think so," laughed Beatrice, who had been hiding a newswaper behind her. "You forget that we have a war correspondence in these days. Now, Sir, give me an immediate account of how you spoiled the three chiefs and slew the two tigers—and tell me what have you done with those three dear little whelps!"

## The Too-Attractive Man:

### A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE

ERE is a pen-and-ink sketch of him, taken by a new acquaintance, who put down his impressions upon the spur of the moment to be ready for the writer's column.

White, a retired Indian officer. He was methodical and precise, and had long been in the habit of recording every evening in his diary the various events of the day. The present entry is under the date of December 16, and it runs as follows:—

"This evening I was introduced to Mr. Drayton, Margaret Perry's lover. I had been prepared for a prolix, and certainly he is very ingenuously direct. I should say, clever; also, most people would call him good-looking, and, as a fact, most people do. Why didn't he please me? Now I should like to answer this question to my satisfaction, for I have a





MISFORTUNES NEVER COME SINGLY"—STILL MOOSE HUNTING

—J. H. H.—





"THE LITTLE MOTHER"

BY R. BARNES



"My dear, I have just seen your father," he answered. "I want you. Will you come and sit down for a few minutes? I have a piece of news for you."

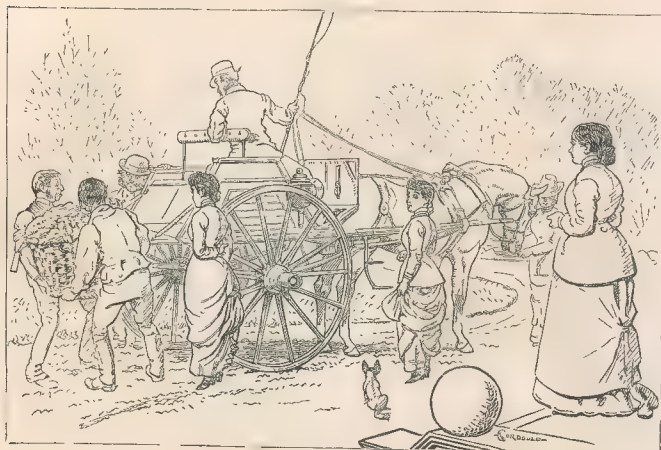




SOMETHING FOR THE YOUNGSTERS—A LOWTHER ARCADIAN



HANSOM IS AS HANSOM DOES



A GENTLE HINT TO OUR COUNTRY COUSIN



A MAN OF LETTERS



OUR GOOSE CLOVE



ROBERT! TOI QUE J'AIME

SOME CHRISTMAS NOTES





*THE START. Sir Nimrod Owen marshals the Field*



*[The Race is over 3 miles of fair hunting country*

*Gentlemen-riders - Catch weights.]*

TOM FAY



*Round the far side of the Course M. Mortgage and Capt. Martingale arrange who is to win:*



*But a collision at the last fence upsets their plan*

"THE WYCHDAL

BY R.





THE FIRST FENCE

*Rush of M. Diddle's CAMEL (ridden by Diddle, Jr.)*



*[For Horses regularly ridden with Sir N. O's Hounds.]*



*In the confusion the CAMEL jumps the wrong side of a post & Squire Marbury on Grey Friar comes in alone.*

STEEPLECHASE









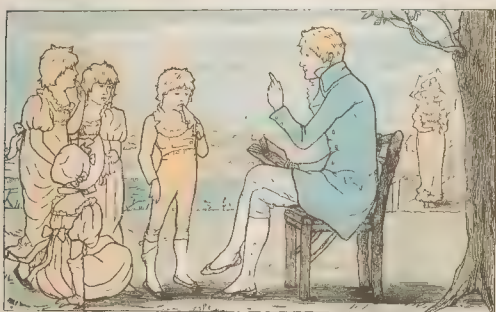




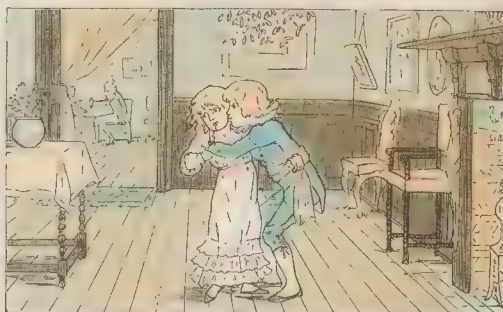
"GRANDPAPA'S FIRST STEP"



"HE FEELS LONELY, AS HIS NURSE IS FOND OF CHATTING WITH A FRIEND"



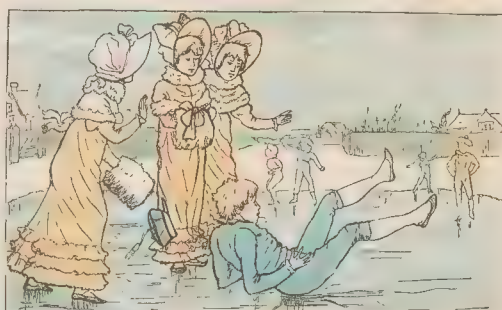
"GRANDPAPA IN DISGRACE"



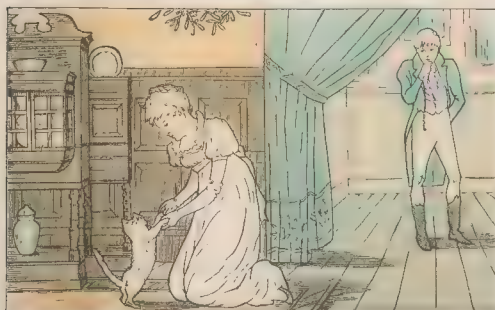
"HE MEETS GRANDMAMMA FOR THE FIRST TIME: HE DOES NOT FORGET THE GOOD OLD CUSTOM OF V' MISTLETOE"



"GRANDPAPA GOES TO SCHOOL"



"HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS: GRANDPAPA COMES TO GRIEF ON A SLIDE"



"GRANDPAPA MEETS GRANDMAMMA FOR THE SECOND TIME: HE DARES NOT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF V' MISTLETOE ENOUGH"

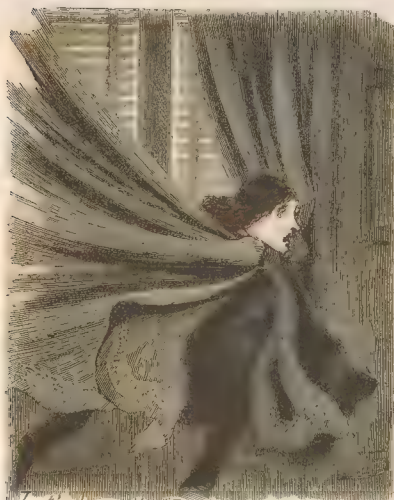


"GRANDMAMMA SAYS 'YES'"

## "GRANDPAPA'S RECOLLECTIONS"

BY MISS CASELLA





*Let's have the Bells — said Brown*



*Shakespeare Smith writes us an original play*



*Amy wanted burlesque*



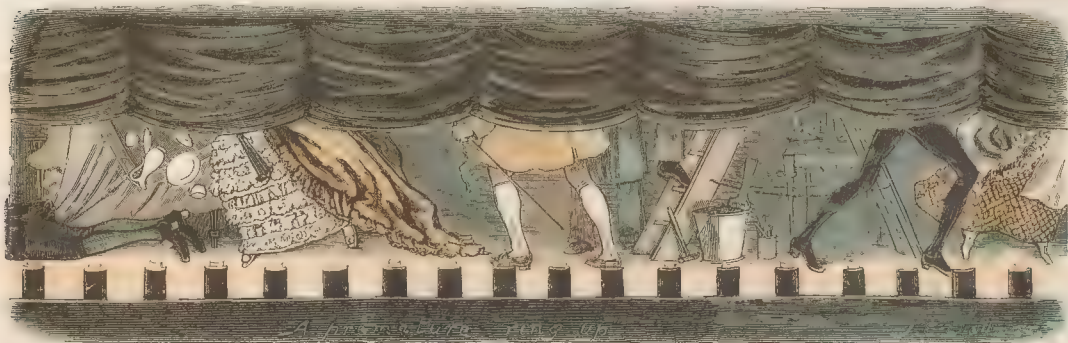
*Heroism of Jones — Shaves for the occasion*



*Two of the Company who were always rehearsing*



*Our Manager on Strike*



"OUR CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS"

BY J. C. DOLLMAN



\_\_\_\_\_









"A GOOD SAMARITAN"

BY MRS. STAPLES (M. ELLEN EDWARDS)





GETTY CENTER LIBRARY



3 3125 00641 2163



